

COURTBOUILLON

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF DILLARD UNIVERSITY



FALL
ISSUE



1940



*To the late Dr. James Hardy Dillard,
for whom Dillard University was
named, this issue of
COURTBOUILLON
is dedicated*



JAMES HARDY DILLARD
(1856-1940)

COURTBOUILLON

FALL

1940

Vol. IV

No. 1

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COURTBOUILLON is published quarterly by the students of Dillard University,
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Our Contributors

EUGENE MORGAN, a native of Mobile, Alabama, is a senior. He is president of the Dillard Student Union. His major is Drama . . . active in track, drama, football. Ambition: to be an actor.

LAURENCE M. HAYES, who was born in Missouri, has lived in New Orleans most of the time. Article in this issue represents first writing attempt. Hobby: ping-pong. Major: Music. Active in chorus; member of the Pan-Hellenic Council. Ambition: to be a musician and composer.

ARTHUR HATFIELD was born in New Orleans in 1921. At different times he has acted in the capacity of reporter, artist, picture editor, assistant children's page editor and advertising salesman on a local Negro weekly newspaper. He was among the few newspaper representatives to cover the southwestern Louisiana flood in August of this year. Ambition: to be a journalist and publisher.

INEZ MERRICK is a freshman. This is her first literary appearance. She is seventeen years old and likes to jitterbug.

CONRAD VON HARDEMAN, eighteen years old, was born in Jackson, Mississippi. He has written several poems . . . interested in science . . . likes to write. Ambition: to be a chemist.

VERNA CARPENTIER is from Port Gibson, Mississippi. She is a senior and an English major.

EUGENE WINSLOW, who designed the cover, was born in Chicago. He finished high school in Gary, Indiana. Article is first publication . . . major is Art. Ambition: to be an artist.

The Forum

To the Staff of *Courtbouillon* and
Students of Dillard University
Greetings:

I am glad of the opportunity to extend congratulations on the reappearance of the students' periodical, *Courtbouillon*. For four years the students of the University have been without an official organ of student opinion and of literary expression. That this lamentable situation has been the sole fault of the students themselves is too well known to dwell upon here; however, that the students have voluntarily resumed the publication of their journal is a matter deserving both of comment and of commendation.

Any voiceless group is to some extent a hopeless group, and whenever it happens that the group's voicelessness arises from apathy, from complacency, and from sheer intellectual laziness, the hopelessness of that group is abysmal in the extreme. If the revival of the students' organ of expression on the Dillard campus indicates a strong reaction against apathy, complacency, and laziness of the worst sort, then there is in this act cause for deep rejoicing on the part of every member of the University community. Until future developments shall prove us wrong, we shall believe that the Dillard student group has indeed come alive. Because we believe

(Please turn to last page)

The Cover

Miss Essie Mhoon, senior, was the successful candidate over a group of five lovely co-eds for the title of Miss Homecoming of Dillard University. Miss Mhoon, an AKA soror, is a native of Meridian, Mississippi, and was chosen Miss Homecoming by a popular vote of the student body.

In Our Opinion

THE faculty and student body of Dillard University feel the full depth of their loss in the death of Dr. James Hardy Dillard, educator and humanitarian, for whom our institution was named. Since his passing in August of this year, there have been many occasions for reflection and meditation on the life and influence of this fascinating character.

The boy who was born in Nansemond County, Virginia, October 24, 1856; the youth who entered Washington and Lee University at the age of seventeen; the professor of Latin and later dean of the college at Tulane University; the educational statesman who was made the first president of the Negro Rural School Fund; the courageous Southerner who received the Harmon Foundation award for the improvement of educational facilities in the South; the rector of the College of William and Mary; the apostle of racial good-will who was awarded the Theodore Roosevelt medal for his work in behalf of the American Negro—these varied activities expressed only phases of Dr. Dillard's remarkable personality. No wonder he has been called the *citizen of the world*. Across the span of years his diverse interests won him new admirers and honors. Everywhere men spoke of him with admiration. Dr. John Stewart Bryan, president of the College of William and Mary, said of him at a banquet on the occasion of his eightieth birthday: "Behold Lord, behold! James Hardy Dillard, the faithful servant who has gained yet another five talents and who, having been faithful over a few things, is here tonight to be welcome as one who has been made lord over many things; Lord of the lives of his fellowmen, lord of the impulse for righteousness, lord of his own soul." Always he was described in words of warmth and feeling.

Dillard University is an enduring monument to Dr. Dillard. So closely were Dillard the man and Dillard the university associated that there was created a oneness of feeling which we still cherish until this day. Dr. Dillard gave indication of the motivating power of his life when he said on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the library and academic building, in 1934: "It may be called the way of reality. It is the way told long ago by the prophet Micah, 'To do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God'." This simple definition of religion taken from the eighth century B. C., and coming to us in a modern period, through a man whose life exemplified its spirit, is a part of the heritage he has left to us.

While we are in possession of this *Dillard Way*, the absence of its giver can but lead us to sense the new responsibility that is ours. Dillard University is young—only six years young—with no long line of traditions behind it but with a spirit of goodness, loyalty and understanding. This spirit we must keep: it must be immutable. It must make men take notice of what we are doing, see and feel in us all that was present in such full measure in the life of Dr. Dillard. This is our responsibility; this is our work.

Naturally, one would want to know how to advance his school. There is hardly a better way to accomplish this than in the way described by Dr. Dillard himself: "Whether the work be making a table or dress, whether it be solving a problem in arithmetic or geometry, whether it be experimenting in a laboratory, or

Courtbouillon

whether it be studying practical living problems, that what is done should be done in the spirit of genuineness, in the spirit of aspiration for perfect accomplishment." The spirit of genuineness is part of the *Dillard spirit*, for the words of Micah find re-expression in the words of Dr. Dillard. In the prophet's definition of religion we find love and kindness: in the educator's interpretation of genuineness we find realness, trueness, and fairness. Both ideas are inseparable; both are parts of the Dillard spirit; both we must keep.—Arthur Hatfield.



EVER so often there arises in the course of human events something significant. *Courtbouillon* easily falls into the category of significant developments and rightly so because Dillard University does also. It is a pitiable institution, no matter what its nature, that follows the beaten path day after day, year after year, generation after generation and fails to grasp hold on time long enough to lift itself above mediocrity. So many of our Negro movements particularly, have failed because they have established a *status quo*, below which a great many Negroes flounder, and above which most Negroes dare not penetrate.

It is imperative that we as young men and women upon whose shoulders the fate of a race and a nation rests take a more comprehensive view of this world in which we live. We must take this view with a point: and that point is to proceed to build a greater Dillard. We must build on a foundation of sound philosophy and firm discipline. Too often petty grievances and prejudices enter our lives and cause us to be likened unto the crab who, when he sees his brother near the top of the barrel, reaches up and pulls him down. We forget or ignore the fact that there are deeper devotions which transcend fleeting grievances.

It is not likely that anything is done to perfection unless it is done cooperatively; and to this end *Courtbouillon* is dedicated, not loosely or lightly, but with a clear understanding of the problems facing a bewildered youth. There could have been no better time than now for *Courtbouillon* to "take up its bed and walk". With peace time conscription on us, with a need for greater military and naval strength, with fifth columnists marching on us and Trojan Horses bucking at our democracy, it is mandatory that youth become cognizant of the plight of a nation. This does not mean that we should forsake all our pleasures that we so dearly cherish and retreat to a sanctuary, but it does mean that we should devote more time to serious study of world affairs. In order to materialize the dreams of James Hardy Dillard, in order to perpetuate the spirit of that noble man, we must build a great school, and build in terms all can understand.

In the midst of this rapidly changing world order *Courtbouillon* is emerging—fearlessly, courageously. We have a mission to perform and, if God wills, we will perform that mission. Occasion need never arise for rebirth and renewal if we begin now to build strong traditions at this institution. Every phase of our college activity will function more smoothly when we begin to weave the strings of tradition into our pattern of every day life.

This publication is an outlet for student ideas and student ideals. It is our hope that you will share with us this experience, and that we all might get the most out of our sojourn here at this, our Alma Mater.—Eugene Morgan.

COURTBOUILLON

COURTBOUILLON

(pronounced *cour-bĩ-yôn'*)

By

Arthur Hatfield

THE plan for a student publication, which appeared in the first Dillard University catalogue, together with the desire of the institution's first students for an organ of expression, led in 1935 to the establishment of *Courtbouillon*. As a literary periodical, it was to be published quarterly. The university had not long opened its doors to its first freshmen students when Horace M. Bond, then academic dean of the college, asked Acting Dean Rudolph Moses, instructor in English at that time, to supervise the launching of the periodical.

The purpose of the student publication was indicated thus in the initial appearance:

Courtbouillon has been established to serve as the official organ of student expression at Dillard University. It is intended to function as the medium through which student opinion, thought, and ideals may be adequately voiced.

. . . What a student is made to think and feel of his school, and the inspiration are primary factors in determining the success or failure of his college education. Whatever these thoughts, opinions, and ideas may be; whatever creations may be inspired or motivated by the institution; if their existence is adequately justified, these things may be perpetuated through publication in *Courtbouillon*.

. . . In thus providing a medium of expression for all phases of university life, the editorial staff of *Courtbouillon* hopes that it is creating an incentive for the development of initiative and the stimulation of creative powers for the students of Dillard University.

The manner in which the magazine received its name was stated in an article appearing in the same issue:

Courtbouillon

Courtbouillon is one of the city's (New Orleans) best known and best loved foods. It is a dish composed of fish, parsley, pepper, and several other ingredients. When properly prepared, it will delight the most discriminating gourmand.

The editorial staff was happy to find among the many titles for this little magazine submitted by the students of Dillard University several that had a distinctly New Orleans flavor about them. Among these was the title we adopted. And so, because we intended to select, to stir, to strain, and so to *cook up* a delectable morsel for our readers, we chose to call this work *Courtbouillon*.

Courtbouillon, accordingly, was introduced in the autumn of 1935. In that year, the staff consisted of six editorial members and two business heads. These remained on the staff for the next two issues in the spring and winter quarters of 1936. This capable staff produced what have been called the best issues of *Courtbouillon* ever published. Stories, verse, essays, editorials, and articles of opinion characterized these early copies. In the selection of material for *Courtbouillon*, the editors aimed at the best creative writing the student could produce. Rejections were frequent, and at no time did the editors permit anything lacking in good quality to be published in the magazine. Students, however, were always eager to re-write their articles and work for improvement of quality.

Although the circulation of *Courtbouillon* was largely among students of the university, copies were sent to friends of the institution and to other schools and colleges. As a result, the publication won favorable comment from persons outside the university and was thought a praiseworthy work.

By the fall of 1936, the staff of *Courtbouillon* was changed. The editor, his assistant, the business manager, and his assistant were among the June graduates of 1936. Two of the associate editors were moved up to fill the editorial vacancies and seven new members were added to the staff.

Apparently, the revised staff tired of a quality magazine, for the issues following failed to express much of the spirit and tone of the earlier issues. This staff worked on two editions of the magazine: one in the autumn of 1936 and one in the spring of the following year, the last issue of *Courtbouillon* to be published until the summer of 1939.

In that year, the students published a pictorial issue. It contained pictures of the administrative officers, faculty, students, and student organizations.

Efforts to publish the fall number of *Courtbouillon* were made on December 18, 1939, when the Joint Committee on *Courtbouillon* met to discuss the possibilities of the publication of the magazine. Certain agreements were reached and it was voted that these be passed on as recommendations through the Student Council to the Student Union and through the Personnel Committee to the faculty of the university. The staff was organized and a few articles were written, but *Courtbouillon* failed to make an appearance that year.

This issue of *Courtbouillon* is the seventh edition of the quarterly magazine within six years. The staff was organized from a group of students who volunteered to perform specific duties as members of the staff. As can be seen by comparison, the new form of *Courtbouillon* is unlike any issue that has been published before. The editorial staff feels that the new *Courtbouillon* will have a great appeal to its readers, and, at the same time maintain a certain standard of literary quality.

SO--YOU'RE GOING GREEK

By

Laurence M. Hayes

(Member of the Pan-Hellenic Council)

SO—you're going Greek, are you! I wish you luck and plenty of success, but have you given due consideration to the aims and objectives of the Greek letter organizations? Do you know why you are joining and what you are joining? Can you afford it—the time and money involved? Will you get along with the members? Do your ideals and those of the fraternity or sorority coincide? Before you join you should make these observations and you should give them careful thought and deliberation.

Let us consider each of these questions in turn: Do you know what you're joining? The fraternity or sorority is an organization which ties men or women in a close bond of friendship and brotherhood (or sisterhood, if you please); in a common interest and ideal, which brotherhood is a permanent tie of fellowship. The relationship between you and your frater or soror should be similar to that of actual kin. This is only a theoretical viewpoint. In actuality, the fraternity is an organization through which the student enters into a temporary fraternal bond which in many instances ends after graduation. In after life, people stray far afield and the former ties are almost no longer existent.

Have you looked them over? You should look over each organization carefully studying it in every particular. You should not join an organization until you are sure that that one is the *one for you*,

and you cannot actually know that one is better than the other for you before you have actually studied them all.

Will you get along with the brothers? In groups held together by common interest there is hardly any room for a dissenter, for a person who does not conform. Such a person does not belong. After all, for a person to be a staunch and true member he must conform to all that the organization holds sacred and dear.

Can you afford it? Naturally, one of the most essential things is money; therefore, you should consider your resources and think over the possibilities of your adding another financial obligation to your already crowded list. Naturally, the person unable to pay all the fees lacks an important qualification. Can you really afford to add extra-curricular activity to your schedule and give each part of your schedule its full attention? Can you?

Do your ideals and those of the fraternity or sorority coincide at any points? I mentioned earlier conformity to all that the organization holds sacred and dear. You must conform to be a good member, but you cannot conform if you do not believe in that for which the group stands. And you cannot believe in these ideals if these ideals are not your own. In all events do not let your membership in this fraternity or that sorority deprive you of any of your principles or ideals.

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SLANGUAGE

By

Eugene Winslow

LANGUAGE, like anything else used twenty-four hours a day and three hundred and sixty-five days a year, is apt to become stale unless something is done to rejuvenate it every now and then. To keep our language alive and vibrant, we constantly inoculate it with life-giving phrases, slang and its milder brother, colloquialism. These, along with terms coming from inventions and new processes, have prevented our language from deteriorating into verbal monotony. Without them our everyday conversation would sound like the post mortem of an abridged dictionary.

Many English instructors condemn the use of slang, looking upon it as a sort of illegitimate child. But slang may be compared to the accessories of a woman's dress; they aren't important enough to be ordered with the dress, but they do enhance the beauty of the dress. And, too, their choice is left up to the owner of the dress.

Slang is often used as a short cut to a meaning. We use the word *jive*, meaning something which is flattering but not necessarily true. A person who is worldly wise is *hipped*. When we wish to express approval, *that's fly* usually fills the bill. *Sharp* is a term generally applied to the person who is just a little bit more than very well dressed. As long as these terms are popular and not over-taxed, the use of them will take some of the stiffness and formality from our speech.

Over-use is the gravest fault of slang.

We often hear, *Man you shouda gunned Jim at the rug-cut last P. M. He fell in sharp as a tack and togged to a T . . . Had a fly, fry looking chick on his left wing, too.* To many people, such language would be as incomprehensible as Greek. When this fault is committed we often defeat our original purpose, to condense a meaning into as few words as possible. For instance, it is senseless to say, *I'm going to cut on back to the coop, crawl between the lily white, and cop forty nods*, when it is much easier to say, "I'm going home and go to bed." Over-use is usually due to a desire to be ostentatious.

The desire to keep up with the times is responsible for many of the slang terms in common usage. Slang terms may be further compared to the accessories of a woman's dress: in order to keep the same dress looking new and different, they must be changed often. Consequently, utmost caution must be observed in the choice of slang terms. Nothing sounds worse than using an outmoded term. It will stand out in a conversation like a split verb, and will date the user as surely as a birth certificate.

Necking and *spooning* belong to a past generation. They are referred to now (in the event you have to use them) as *pitching a little woo* or simply *mugging*. In cases where one is uncertain of the age of the expression he has in mind, he should remember the old adage, "When in doubt, don't." It is much better to be too conservative than too liberal—and wrong.

THE CLEVER DOCTOR

By

Verna Carpentier

IT was a pleasant morning in the town of Oaken Grove, Mississippi. The sun shone down warmly as is characteristic of the sun in late October, and the soft breezes blew the many colored leaves about the lawn in front of Dr. Bradley's office. Dr. Bradley had very little to do; therefore he could afford to drink in all the healthy sunshine that managed to filter through the window of his small, but well-kept office.

"Here I am in this small town with plenty of time on my hands. I have so little work that I don't even need an office-girl. I just can't understand these people. Now and then I see small groups of children playing marbles in the streets, and on Sundays all I see is a few old people plodding their way to church. I wonder what they do here for a livelihood? I'll have to make myself a committee of one and find out something about these people," Dr. Bradley thought as he looked out of the window.

He had just seated himself to read the newspaper when he heard a loud knock at the door. Dr. Bradley went to the door and bade the visitor come in. They exchanged greetings as the doctor offered the visitor a seat. The visitor was an aged man whose very manner of greeting suggested country life. The man wore unkempt clothes and a long black overcoat for which he had absolutely no use. After a period of silence and long stares a conversation began.

"Just broodin' 'round today. Ain't

got nothin' else to do and I thought I'd drop in to chat a while wit' ya. Don't see very much of the people when I have things to do," said the old man as he became more comfortable and more at ease in the presence of Dr. Bradley.

"Very glad to have you come in and chat. It is so lonesome around this place that when I do get a chance to talk to someone I should say that I'm indeed happy," Dr. Bradley replied as he took out a package of cigarettes and lighted one. "You'd like a cigarette?"

"No, thanks, young fellow, I don't smoke them things; makes me sick. I chews terbaccar and I thinks it bettern smokin'. You'd better try a chew 'cause before you leaves here you'll be mighty proud to git a good chew of this," answered the old man taking a big bite of tabacco. The two sat there as if they knew of nothing to say. They looked at each other somewhat at a loss. Dr. Bradley offered the man the newspaper, but the man assured the doctor that he knew everything that was in the paper without reading it or even having it read to him for the paper was printed only once a week. A smile stole across the old man's face as he began to speak again.

"How ya lak our town, young fellar?"

"Oh, I guess it's all right, but I'm somewhat new here and I haven't had enough time to really get about among the citizens. I've been here only two months."

"Naw, ya don't know *these* people and ya 'bout won't neither, not in *this*

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town." A more cunning smile, this time more closely akin to a grin, moved swiftly on and then just as swiftly off the man's face.

"Just why do you think that? I think I'll manage all right as soon as the people find out about me."

"Huh," grunted the old man, "I'm sho glad ya feel that way 'bout it, but er-er-er-er, well, I feels kinda sorry for ya if ya thinks ya can make it in *this* town."

"I'd like to know why you say that. Don't the people in this town live? Aren't they real? Don't they ever get sick?" Dr. Bradley began to look somewhat puzzled for he could not determine what the old man had reference to.

"Oh, yeah," replied the old man, "they live a while, work a while, get sick and even die, but that ain't the point. The point is that they ain't gonna let *you* doctah on 'em."

"It is truly a long worm that has no turning, don't you think?" Dr. Bradley now sat up-right in his easy chair. By this time he was deeply interested in the old man's conversation and he urged the man to tell him more.

"These is the longest worms I ever seen. I been here nigh on to eighteen years an' I ain't seen 'em turn yet. These people go to Dr. Dave Rogers, a white doctah 'cross town. They go there whether he cures 'em or kills 'em. They don't lak no cullud doctah in this here town, that's all," the old man yawned and rustled in his chair.

"Oh, I see now," said Dr. Bradley nodding his head.

"Tell me somethin' 'bout yourself, young fellar. Ya seems to be purty nice. Yo pants is pressed an' yo hair is slick an' yo shoes is shinin' lak new money. Don't nobody here go lak that but the

white folks."

"I'm not very important. I finished my medical course at Center College in Washington, D. C., and I served my internship at a hospital in New Orleans. I chose this place because I heard that there were no colored doctors here and that something should be done about such a grave situation. My name is C. Ivar Bradley."

"Yeah I seen it on the door. What do that M. D. stands for? Ya ain't tryin' to be funny is ya? Dr. Rogers ain't got no M. D. behind his name."

"I'm not trying to be funny. That M. D. means medical doctor. It should mean something, but obviously it doesn't mean anything here."

"Young fellar, let me tell ya somethin', ya might's well bottle up an' git goin' 'cause these folks don't lak no cullud doctahs. I heared a fellar say just the other day that he wouldn't let a cullud doctah give him a dose of salts, easy as that is. Tell the truth, that's just 'bout the way all these folks here feels 'bout ya cullud doctahs," said the old man reassuringly, "just ain't got no faif in 'em; even if they could raise the dead."

"That really sounds bad for me, doesn't it? No matter, though, I'm going to see what I can do."

"They got a evil eye on ya," answered the old man as he arose to go away, "but I hopes ya all the luck in the worl." With that he told Dr. Bradley good day and walked away.

"Good day," called the doctor as he watched the old man make his way down the path, "and many thanks for the chat. Come again soon."

"Ho, hum," yawned Dr. Bradley as he settled himself to read the paper, "this is too much; I can't go like this from day to day wasting time and money. I must

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do something immediately."

For a while he seemed to be reading. Then he let his eyes stray from the printed page. Suddenly jumping up from his chair, he cried with glee, "I have it, I have it! If I can get this plan to go through, I shall have my problem solved!"

The words of the old man had made a very definite impression upon him. The old man had said that the colored people here would not accept Negro doctors; "even if they could raise the dead."

The next week, an advertisement appeared in the paper. Soon everyone was talking about Dr. Bradley, "The new doctor is going to demonstrate his great medical powers by raising the dead."

When Dr. Bradley reached the cemetery Thursday morning he found most of the people in Oaken Grove there waiting for him.

"Now, my friends, in the way of demonstrating my great medical secret I have come out here to raise the dead. If you will kindly come up and tell me the names of the persons you want raised, I shall raise them for you free of charge."

Silence fell on the whole crowd while Dr. Bradley waited for someone to come up. Seemingly everybody was afraid.

"Surely you mourned these loved ones when they left you. Why don't you want them to come back and live with you?" asked the doctor as he donned his white uniform. "But before I can raise anyone, I must be very sure that everybody is willing to have these persons raised in each case."

After a period of about five minutes, a young woman suggested that he raise a Mr. William Wilcox, but before he had time to ask any questions about the man objections began pouring from the audience.

"He's a pest," came from one.

"Who, that cheat? I should say not."

"Then it seems to me that I shall not

be able to raise Mr. Wilcox. You see, I *must* have the favor of all in each case," said the doctor as he smiled to himself, for he knew very well that he would not have *everybody* agree on *anything*.

In a few minutes someone suggested that he raise Joseph Reed, the late banker, but protests came again from some of the audience. This was the case in every suggestion offered. Dr. Bradley did nothing but look as if astonished whenever someone would protest.

"Say, Doc, how's come we can't let the dead stay so? Me, for one, ain't pertic'lar 'bout havin' no dead folk walkin' 'round here," someone from the crowd called.

"It is my business here to raise the dead if everybody agrees. Someone says let the dead stay dead, but I want to know your feeling regarding this demonstration. What do you say? Do you want me to raise the dead?"

"Let the dead stay dead," someone said.

"Yeah, I'm afraid of dead people," came from back of the crowd.

"I am extremely sorry (pretended the doctor), that you won't let me exhibit my medical secret and my efficiency as a doctor. I guess we may as well go as I have some very important things to do this afternoon and I can't stay longer. I must see about moving to another town next week. Good day."

Dr. Bradley turned to leave, but someone caught his coat and begged him not to leave town because he needed attention. Everybody crowded around him and shook hands with him as they shouted congratulations to him.

"I must come around to your office," came from one person.

"You must be a wonderful doctah," came from another.

"Can you come to my house for dinner
(Please turn to last page)

MY FRIEND

By

Inez Merrick

SOMEONE to laugh and cry with you
Someone to soothe you when you're blue
A girl or boy who's true and kind,
A friend.

Someone to laugh at fear and strife
Someone to give you a worthwhile life
The best someone that you can find,
A friend.

Someone to wipe away your tears
Someone to laugh away your fears
The one for whom you'll gladly die,
A friend.

EXCERPT

By

Conrad Von Hardeman

THANK God that I'm American,
My home's in the "land of the free."
Thank God I dwell in America
And not across the sea.

DILLARD UNIVERSITY

Alma Mater

FAIR DILLARD

FAIR Dillard! Gleaming white and spacious green,
We love thy ev'ry blade and tree;
We love thy breathless days, thy nights serene,
Thy halls where men are men and free.
Arise O sons and daughters, hail thy queen
And pledge for aye thy loyalty.

Fair Dillard! Flaming love and learning's light,
Teach us each day each passing hour
A deep'ning love for beauty, truth, and right,
Source of all nobleness and pow'r;
And through the joyous day the dreaded night
Forever guide Alma Mater
Forever guide, Alma Mater.

(MUSIC EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Fair Dillard* was adopted by the student body of Dillard University as the official Alma Mater of the school on October 25, 1940. The lyric was written by Dr. William Staurt Nelson, former president of the university. It was set to music by Professor Frederick Hall, head of the Music Department.)

FORUM

we are correct in interpreting the meaning of the reappearance of *Courtbouillon* in our midst, we believe also that our congratulations to the students are greatly in order.

The renaissance of the periodical is extremely timely, for never before has there been so strong a moral obligation upon students to become intelligent and intelligently vocal about the world in which they live. To write for the columns of *Courtbouillon* should demand thinking and reflection of the highest order, along with some power of literary expression. If the periodical shall demand evidence of both considerations, it may well be expected that it will contribute richly to the intellectual and cultural tone of our University life. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Rudolph Moses,
Acting Dean in Charge

To the Editor of *Courtbouillon*:

Some time ago we wrote to you, on behalf of the students of South Africa, inviting you to participate in an exchange of student publications.

The students of South Africa are greatly interested in the activities and problems of their fellows in other countries, and as it is extremely unlikely that the great majority of them will ever come into personal contact with their fellow-students, we feel that the best way to bring about an interchange of ideas and ideals is through the exchange of student newspapers and journals.

We should be grateful if you would send us regularly copies of your publications for distribution to our South African universities and colleges.—Roslyn Traub, General Secretary.

National Union of South African Students, Cape Town, Africa, October 15, 1940.

SO—YOU'RE GOING GREEK

In conclusion, before going Greek, consider the following points in judging your qualifications and the qualifications of the fraternity or sorority:

Know what you are joining.
Study each separate organization on all points.
Make sure that you can spare the money and time.
Don't be influenced by high-pressure salesmanship.

If you have considered these carefully, then you are ready to go Greek.

THE CLEVER DOCTOR

Sunday?" came from still another.

"I am really sick and any man dat can raise the dead sure can cure the sick. Please don't leave doctah," said an old woman in a very feeble voice, "we sure needs somebody."

Dr. Bradley was glad when they let him go. He went home and got in bed immediately to take a little rest from so much hustle and bustle of the crowd that he met in the cemetery. He smiled as he turned in his sleep and remembered the old man's words, ". . . even if they could raise the dead."

